

# Cats And Dogs

## The Game

Welcome to the Republic, of Cali-i-for-nia  
While you're here, you can get updates  
And snap a picture with us on Instagram  
At DJ Skee - I can't say his name!  
Y'all ain't gon' get me in trouble, hehe  
Facebook, Twitter, @TheGame  
@DJSkee, follow us! As we lead you with this

Not what you feared then bitch  
You gon' learn to shut yo' mouth  
Cause we gon' eat now, now  
Now, now  
Fuck yo' feelings bitch  
Just gon' huff yo' acid here  
And roll this shit 'round  
Hold this shit down  
Come move them thangs for me babyyyyyy  
Across town, town  
And make sure they touch down  
Eeee, ahhh, just make it in town  
Then make sure they touch down  
Touch down

Uh-huh; I need a gangster bitch nigga I ain't lyin  
I'm talkin when I fuck she scream, you hear sirens  
No domestic violence (violence)  
Just domestic dominance  
So let me ice you out so when you slidin down the pole  
Doin your Magic City thing yo' neck and wrist glow  
I'm dreamin, she ain't a stripper, she a classy girl  
Gon' off that Patron, she my nasty girl  
First name Rachal, last name Jones  
You related to Nas? Girl, Queens my second home  
You know you, (Prince Akeem) come with a (Semi) we can tear it up  
Weekend in Cannes, then we (Coming to America)  
Wear them Jimmy Chus but she love that Gucci  
Never been to A-T-L but she love that (Gucci) (brrrr!)  
She taught me how to cook Cajun, I taught her how to cook crack  
And I chopped it on her back, now tell me where they do that?

I put her on a Greyhound, she know she better stay down  
Ride or die like my Bentley man this bitch'll never break down  
She my "Bust It Baby," you should see her bust a trey pound  
Love Roc-A-Fella so much she won't even call me Jay now  
She roll my weed man, like she my wingman  
Then we get high, play Tiger Woods on that weed damn  
Love is four season, haters 365  
In the game cats and dogs, keep your bitch by your side  
Got a hardtop Lambo' when the rain start to pour  
Not the rain outside, talkin the rain indoors  
Her girlfriend told her, that I was creepin with a stripper  
Told her I was courtside, watchin the whack ass Clippers  
Bitch please! I'm a Laker fan, and Kobe that's my nigga  
Keep my grass cut so I can see when the snake slither  
Shit came out of nowhere like Khloe and Lamar  
Kinda got a nigga thinkin maybe I'm

I let her drive the Range on our first date  
She the first one to put me on that Drake mixtape  
"I just wanna be successful baby"  
Take you out them Hudson Jeans and redress you baby  
We can walk down Rodeo, turn around, you on Melrose  
Fly to New York in the winter and try on some Timbos  
Or we can hit South Beach, fuck with Ross and Timbo  
The world is cherry pie and we can (Slice) it up like (Kimbo)  
You cook the rock, I break it down, I wrap it up, you weigh them pounds  
I make the car, you start the car, we can drive it out of town  
I'm your nigga right? And you my bitch (yeah)  
Even if they lock me up, she gon' get them brakes there  
When we get tired, we hit the truck stop and sit there  
And zip my 501's and, she gon' put her lips there  
The memoirs of a perfect bitch  
You gotta hold them down even if it's